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47  
APR

DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN





**image**® COMICS PRESENTS:

# "TWISTED"



story

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Dedicated to:  
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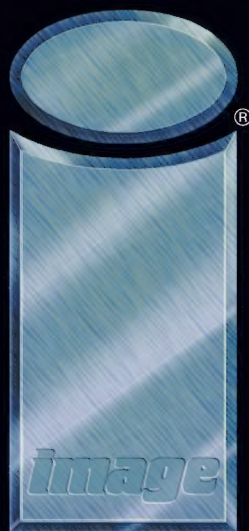
**Spawn #46 Summary:**

Mafia leader, Vito Gravano, orders an employee's execution after suspecting him of stealing, and then receives a call from Sicily demanding the return of Overtkill. Tremor returns to murder two of Gravano's men before visiting him personally. During their encounter Gravano tells Tremor that his brother, David, is still alive. In the alleys of New York, Spawn protects those essential to his existence, the worms, as he rebuilds his power. Spawn learns from Cogliostro that the angels are made of plasm similar to his own, and that Tiffany still lives, as the only way to vanquish an angel is by absorbing her light. Cogliostro reminds Spawn to fight for what is right by opening his mind and learning. Tremor seeks out Spawn for help. Meanwhile, Wanda's work on the new hospital wing progresses and Terry's illness is starting to worsen.

**FOR IMAGE COMICS**  
**LARRY MARDER - exec. director**

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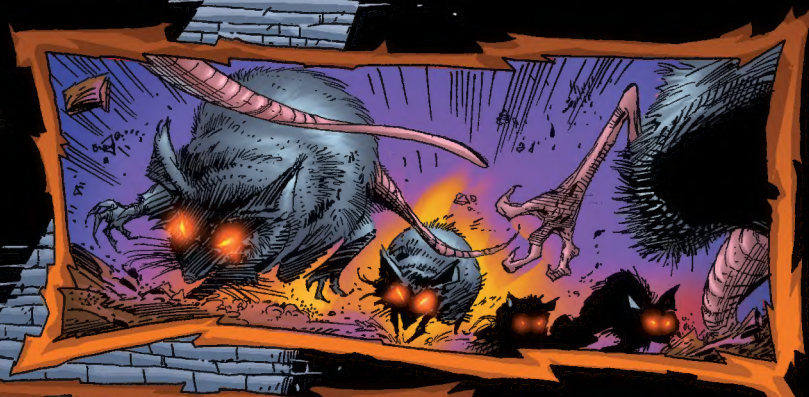
**Director Of Creative Development: TERRY FITZGERALD.**  
**Graphics Coordinator: JULIA SIMMONS.**





NAMES.

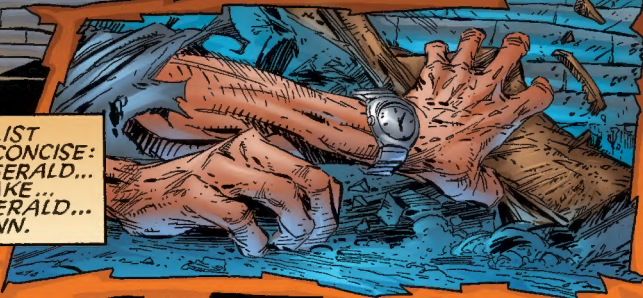
THAT'S ALL HE HAD.  
NO DETAILS.  
JUST NAMES.



HE'D HEARD THEM ABOUT TWO MONTHS AGO. BUT THAT'S ALL THEY WERE TO HIM, NAMES. AS HEAD OF VITO GRAVANO'S PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT, VINNIE ONLY ASSIGNED MEN AS NEEDED FOR EACH SURVEILLANCE. BEYOND THAT, HE WAS OUT OF THE LOOP.



STILL, THE LIST WAS QUITE CONCISE:  
TERRY FITZGERALD...  
WANDA BLAKE...  
CYAN FITZGERALD...  
JASON WYNN.



TREMOR HAD HOPED THEY WOULD BE ENOUGH WHEN VINNIE RATTLED THEM OFF TO SPAWN. ENOUGH TO ENLIST SPAWN'S HELP IN A BATTLE AGAINST MAFIA DON VITO GRAVANO.

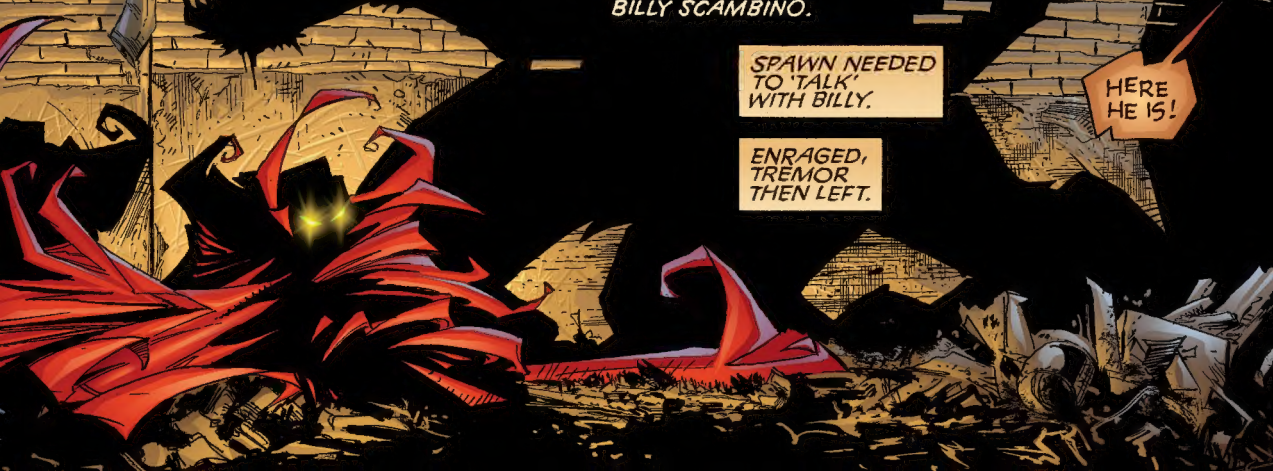
BUT THE ENIGMATIC HERO WANTED DETAILS, SO HE 'PURSUADED' VINNIE TO IDENTIFY THE THUG IN CHARGE OF THAT PARTICULAR SURVEILLANCE.

THEN, HE ORDERED TREMOR TO FIND THE MAN, ONE BILLY SCAMBINO.


SPAWN NEEDED TO 'TALK' WITH BILLY.

HERE HE IS!

ENRAGED, TREMOR THEN LEFT.





A large, dark, muscular figure with horns and a red, spiked mask (Spawn) looms over a man in a trench coat and hat. The man is looking up at Spawn with a concerned expression. The background is a city street with debris and damaged buildings. A large red cape is visible on the left side of the frame.

AND THIS ONE  
DOES HAVE ALL  
YOUR ANSWERS. BUT  
I'M WARNING YOU, IF  
YOU CHOOSE TO IGNORE  
ANY OF THIS, I'LL MAKE  
SURE EVERYONE  
KNOWS WHERE YOU  
CAN BE FOUND.

LISTEN,  
SMARTASS.  
THE MAFIA HAS  
AN ARMY OF GRUNTS  
THAT'LL CLOG THESE  
ALLEYS SO TIGHT  
YOU WON'T HAVE  
A CHANCE TO  
BREATHE.

THAT'S NOT  
COUNTING  
WHAT I'M  
PLANNING  
ON DOING TO  
YOU.

SO? YOU  
GOING TO  
HELP ME  
OR WHAT?

A CROOKED  
SMIRK CUTS  
ACROSS SPAWN'S  
DISFIGURED FACE.

OH,  
REALLY.

YEAH!





FIRST, GET OUT OF MY FACE. I DON'T TAKE VERY KINDLY TO THREATS.

FINE. BUT HE'S THE LAST, YOU UNDERSTAND. THEN, I WANT YOUR ANSWER.

I DIDN'T THINK THIS WAS GOING TO TURN INTO SOME GODDAMNED ORDEAL.

THERE ISN'T TIME FOR THAT.



THEN WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND SOME.

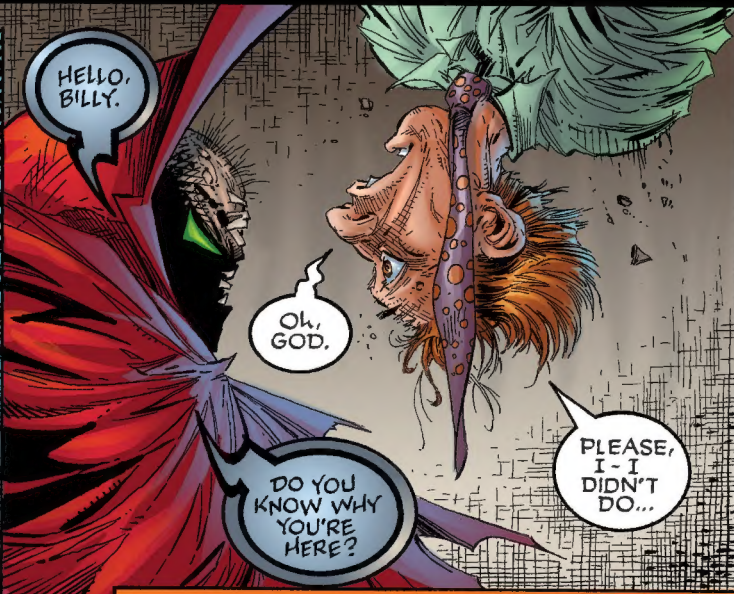
SO? WHAT'D YOU DO WITH VINNIE?

OH, HE'S BEEN TAKEN CARE OF, BELIEVE ME.



IT'S OUR NEW PAL I WANT YOU TO FOCUS ON, NOW.

AA!



HELLO, BILLY.

OH, GOD.

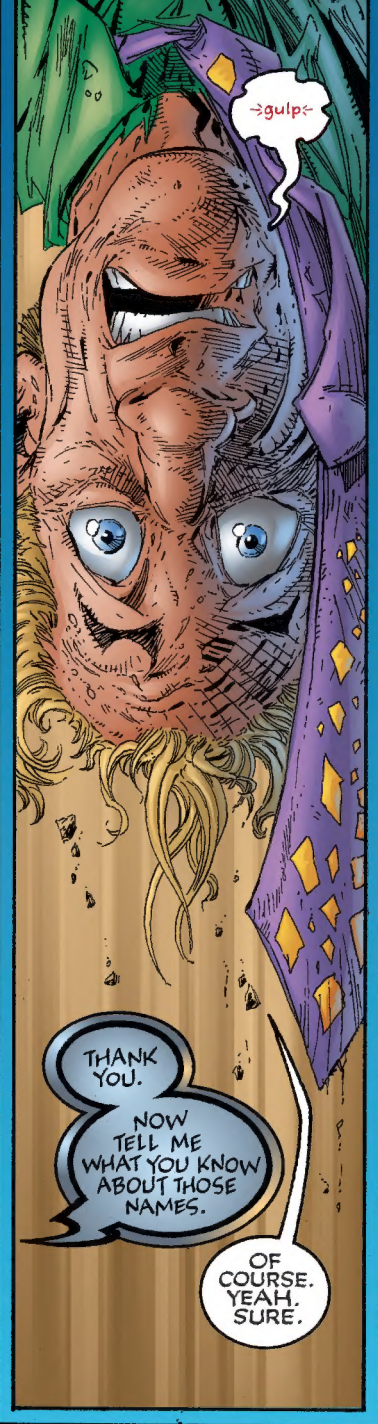
DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE?

PLEASE, I-I DIDN'T DO...



SILENCE! YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY THREE SECONDS TO GATHER YOUR WITS -- OR ELSE I'M GOING TO RIPOUT YOUR LIVER AND FEED IT TO TREMOR, HERE.





→gulp←

VINNIE GAVE ME THE GIG A FEW MONTHS BACK. KEEP AN EYE ON THIS DUDE TERRY, AND HIS WIFE AND KID. SOMETHING ABOUT HIM BEING YOU. BUT HE WASN'T.

THINGS GOT A BIT MESSY FOR AWHILE, THOUGH. \* VITO STILL BELIEVES THE GUY'S CONNECTED TO YOU SOMEHOW. ANOTHER TEAM STILL FOLLOWS HIM.

I *SWEAR* THAT'S IT.

I DOUBT IT. WHAT ABOUT JASON WYNN?

\* ISSUES 21 TO 25  
-- Tom --

THANK YOU.

NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THOSE NAMES.

OF COURSE. YEAH. SURE.



DON'T KNOW HIM, BUT I THINK HE'S THE ONE FEEDING GRAVANO HIS INFO

THAT'S ENOUGH! YOU WANT ANY MORE FROM HIM, GET IT LATER. I NEED THAT ANSWER NOW.

CAN I COUNT ON YOUR HELP?

GRAVING GRAVANO'S ANSWERS TO YET OTHER QUESTIONS, SPAWN DECIDES.

FOR TONIGHT.

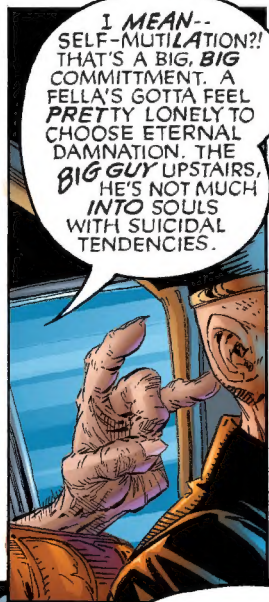






...AND WHEN I HEARD ABOUT YOUR PAL **CHIEF BANKS**, I ABOUT PISSED MYSELF. VENTILATING HIS **OWN HEAD**\*  
*hee hee* WHAT A **KOOK!**

\*ISSUE 45--Town--



I MEAN-- SELF-MUTILATION?! THAT'S A BIG, **BIG** COMMITMENT. A FELLA'S GOTTA FEEL **PRETTY** LONELY TO CHOOSE ETERNAL DAMNATION. THE **BIG GUY** UPSTAIRS, HE'S NOT MUCH INTO SOULS WITH SUICIDAL TENDENCIES.



ON THE OTHER HAND, MY EX-BOSS, **WELL!** HE'S A **VERY** FORGIVIN' KINDA DUDE.



THAT'S **IF** HE MAKES IT TO **MALEBOLGIA'S** LEVEL.

**WRR**



AN' YOU WANNA HEAR THE **FUNNIEST** PART? GOOD OL' BANKS DIDN'T EVEN LEAVE A MESS ON THE WALL. KNOW **WHY?**

'CAUSE HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY **BRAINS!** *HA hee hee ho ho ho!*  
**GET IT?!** HE TRIED TO BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT BUT HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE... *hee hee hee-! hee!*

IS THERE A POINT TO ANY OF THIS?

**Oh.** I THINK I'M GONNA PART--!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, JASON? CAN'T LAUGH AT YOUR OWN SKULL-DUGGERY?

**HERE'S THE POINT!** SPAWN'S BACK IN TOWN. EVEN YOUR OWN MEN DON'T KNOW IT YET.

HE'S RETURNED TO THE ALLEYS. HE HAS TO-- OR AT LEAST HIS **SYMBIOTE** DOES. IT'S NO ACCIDENT **MALEBOLGIA** DUMPED HIM IN THAT FILTH. BUT **THAT'S** ANOTHER STORY.

WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS THAT HE'S **WEAK. VULNERABLE.**

THAT'S WHERE **You** COME IN.





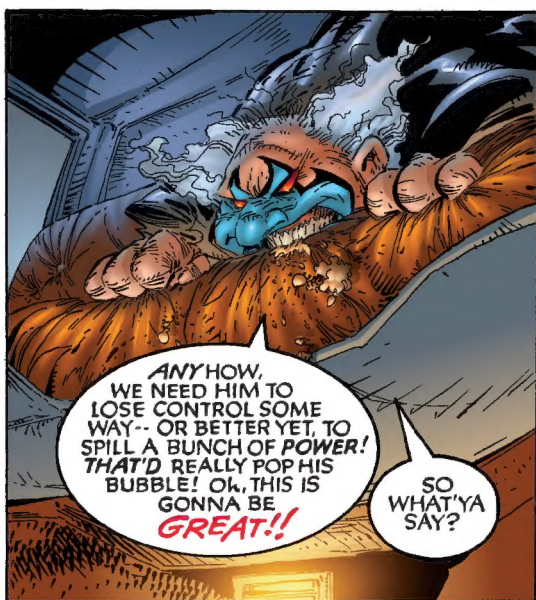
HIS COSTUME IS MORPHING, **ALREADY**. THAT SHOULDN'T BE HAPPENING... WHICH IS GOOD FOR US. NOW ALL'S WE HAVE TO DO IS TRIGGER IT SOMEHOW, THEN...

HEE-HEE-  
HOOEE  
HEOOOWW!

'SCUSE ME, I'M A BIT EXCITED.

**POOF!**

RIGHT BACK TO HELL HE GOES!



ANYHOW, WE NEED HIM TO LOSE CONTROL SOME WAY-- OR BETTER YET, TO SPILL A BUNCH OF POWER! THAT'D REALLY POP HIS BUBBLE! OK, THIS IS GONNA BE **GREAT!!**

SO WHAT'YA SAY?



DO I HAVE A CHOICE?

NOT REALLY. I'M JUST HUMORING YOU.

THEN I'M IN. BUT LET ME ASK A QUESTION. WITH YOUR POWERS, WHY NOT DO IT ON YOUR OWN?



**Wow!**  
ARE YOU EVER DENSE!

LET ME SHARE SOMETHING WITH YOU, WYNN.

IN A STRAIGHT ONE-ON-ONE FIGHT, I'D CLEAN THE GUY'S CLOCK. BUT THAT WON'T GET ME WHAT I WANT.



WHICH IS--?

ACKNOWLEDGMENT FROM MY FORMER **BOSS**. SEE, HE SEEMS TO THINK THAT **HUMANS** HAVE A BETTER CHANCE AT LEADING US INTO THE 'FINAL WAR'!



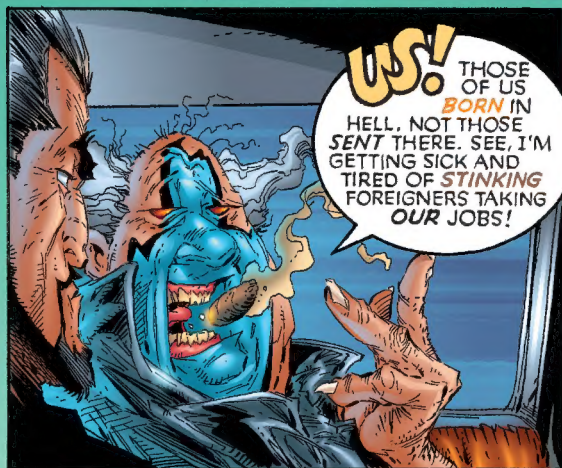
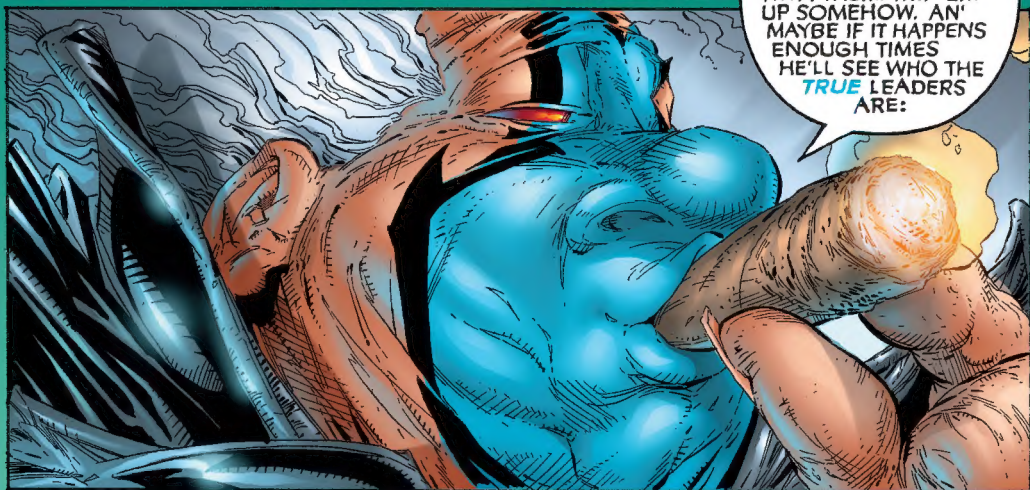


INTELLIGENCE. SAVVY. CUNNING. HE USES A BUNCH OF FANCY WORDS TO SOFTEN THE BLOW, BUT IT BOILS DOWN TO THE SAME THING: HE THINKS THESE HUMANS'RE SMARTER THAN US... HIS OWN CHILDREN.

YOU CAN UNDERSTAND HOW THAT CAN GIVE A GUY A COMPLEX.

SO... POUNDING SPAWN INTO DOGFOOD AIN'T GOING TO CUT IT, NO SIREE!

HAVE TO SHOW MALEBOLGIA THAT I CAN BEAT THEM WITH BRAINS, NOT BRAWN. SCREW WITH THEM. TRIP 'EM UP SOMEHOW. AN' MAYBE IF IT HAPPENS ENOUGH TIMES HE'LL SEE WHO THE TRUE LEADERS ARE:



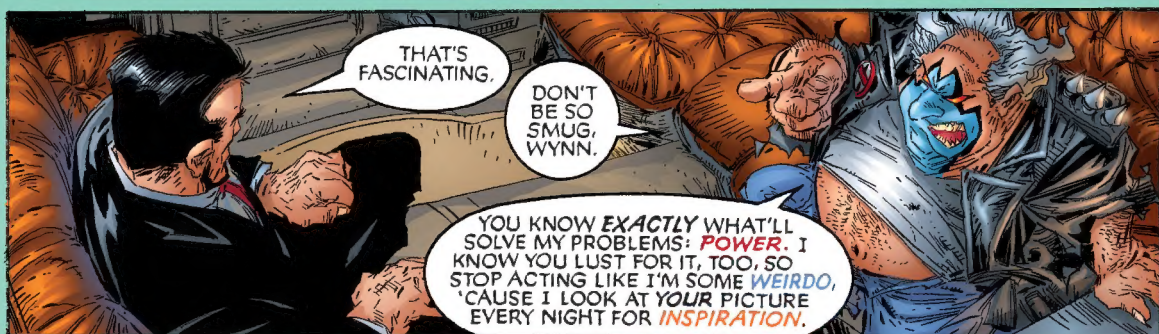
US! THOSE OF US BORN IN HELL, NOT THOSE SENT THERE. SEE, I'M GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF STINKING FOREIGNERS TAKING OUR JOBS!



HELL WAS BUILT ON OUR SWEAT AND BLOOD. WE DESERVE TO BE THE OFFICERS!... THE GENERALS!... FOR THE GREAT WAR, NOT THEM! IT MAKES ME WANNA PUKE!

URP!

UM-oh, HERE IT COMES.



THAT'S FASCINATING.

DON'T BE SO SMUG, WYNN.

YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'LL SOLVE MY PROBLEMS: POWER. I KNOW YOU LUST FOR IT, TOO, SO STOP ACTING LIKE I'M SOME WEIRDO, 'CAUSE I LOOK AT YOUR PICTURE EVERY NIGHT FOR INSPIRATION.

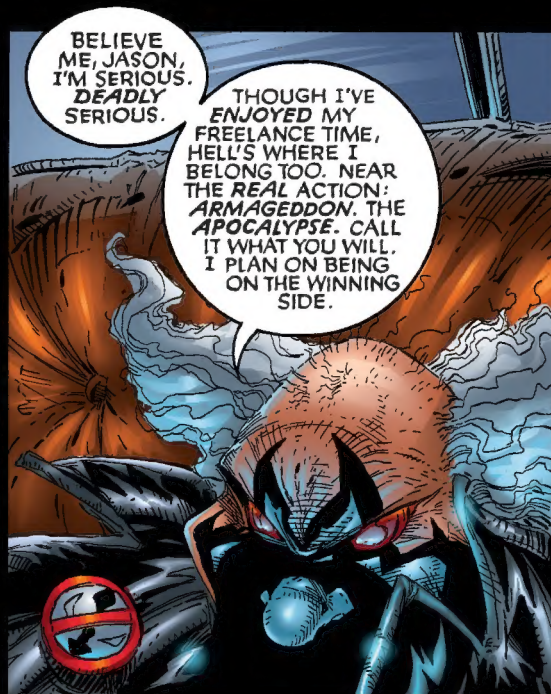




LET'S GET SOMETHING STRAIGHT, CLOWN.

I'VE SET EVENTS IN MOTION THAT'LL TUMBLE LIKE DOMINOS, GAINING MOMENTUM UNTIL THEY FINALLY HIT OUR TARGET, SPAWN.

MY BIGGEST PROBLEM HASN'T BEEN BELIEVING YOU HAVE THE CAPABILITIES, BUT KNOWING WHEN TO ACTUALLY TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY.

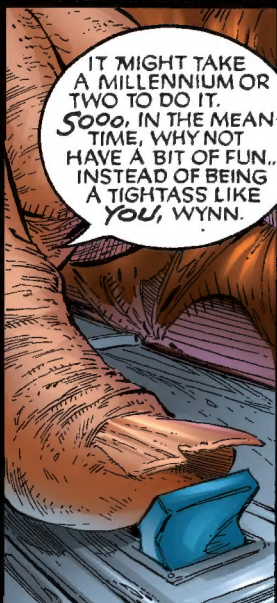


BELIEVE ME, JASON, I'M SERIOUS. **DEADLY** SERIOUS.

THOUGH I'VE ENJOYED MY FREELANCE TIME, HELL'S WHERE I BELONG TOO. NEAR THE REAL ACTION: **ARMAGEDDON. THE APOCALYPSE.** CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL. I PLAN ON BEING ON THE WINNING SIDE.



ENDING GOD'S REIGN **FOREVER.**



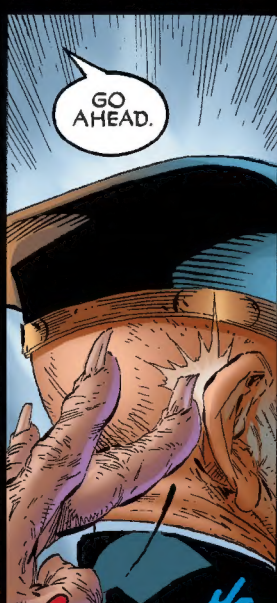
IT MIGHT TAKE A MILLENNIUM OR TWO TO DO IT. *Sooo*... IN THE MEAN-TIME, WHY NOT HAVE A BIT OF FUN... INSTEAD OF BEING A TIGHTASS LIKE *you*, WYNN.



STARTING WITH BUCKWHEAT, HERE.



EXCUSE ME... **OW!** MAY I SAY SOMETHING?



GO AHEAD.



FIRST TIME IN A LIMO, DR. GALACKAWITZ?

NOT ONE *THIS* SMALL. NOW SHUT UP AND DRIVE.

**BZZT! OW! BZZT! Hee! Hee! BZZT! Ow! BZZT! Hee! Hee!**



HE SURVEYS THE  
INVENTORY INTENTLY.

HERE, IN THE DEEPEST  
RECESSES OF NEW  
YORK CITY'S FILTH-  
LADEN ALLEYS, EXISTS  
AN AREA EVEN THE  
HOMELESS RARELY  
TREAD.

"RAT CITY" IS WHAT  
THEY CALL IT. NO  
ONE WANTS TO BE  
CAUGHT HERE.

HE'S  
REGRESSING.  
BUILDING A  
BARRICADE.

TRYING TO  
SHUT HIMSELF  
AWAY FROM THE  
WORLD--THE 'LIGHT'.  
MAYBE AL'S  
COSTUME HAS  
TAKEN OVER  
FOR GOOD.

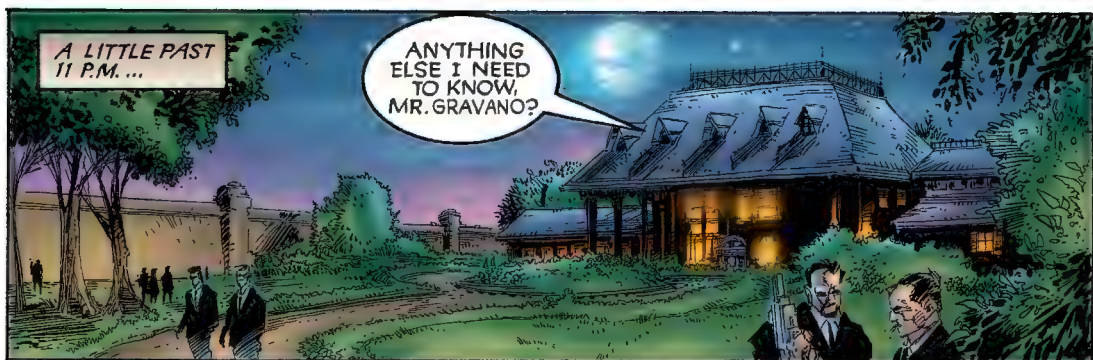
IF SO,  
THERE'S  
LITTLE  
HOPE.

FUNNY,  
I THOUGHT  
THIS MIGHT FINALLY  
BE THE ONE. GUESS  
I'M LOSING MY  
SENSE OF  
PERSPECTIVE  
THESE DAYS.

DAMN YOU,  
MALEBOLGIA.

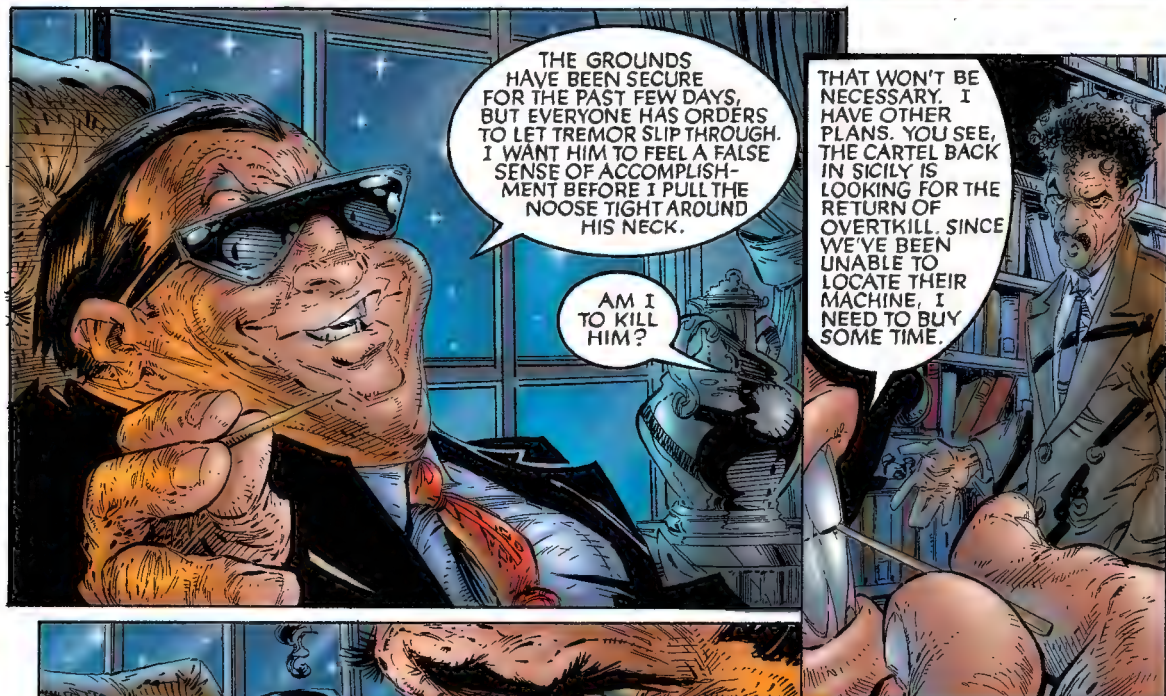
HOW MANY  
CHILDREN DO  
YOU NEED FOR  
YOUR ACCURSED  
WAR?





A LITTLE PAST  
11 P.M. ...

ANYTHING  
ELSE I NEED  
TO KNOW,  
MR. GRAVANO?



THE GROUNDS  
HAVE BEEN SECURE  
FOR THE PAST FEW DAYS,  
BUT EVERYONE HAS ORDERS  
TO LET TREMOR SLIP THROUGH.  
I WANT HIM TO FEEL A FALSE  
SENSE OF ACCOMPLISH-  
MENT BEFORE I PULL THE  
NOOSE TIGHT AROUND  
HIS NECK.

AM I  
TO KILL  
HIM?

THAT WON'T BE  
NECESSARY. I  
HAVE OTHER  
PLANS. YOU SEE,  
THE CARTEL BACK  
IN SICILY IS  
LOOKING FOR THE  
RETURN OF  
OVERTKILL. SINCE  
WE'VE BEEN  
UNABLE TO  
LOCATE THEIR  
MACHINE, I  
NEED TO BUY  
SOME TIME.



SO, HE DOESN'T  
KNOW IT YET, BUT  
TREMOR'S ABOUT TO  
COMPLETE THE EXPERI-  
MENT WE STARTED ON  
HIM YEARS AGO. \*

HOW DO  
YOU KNOW  
HE'LL  
RETURN?

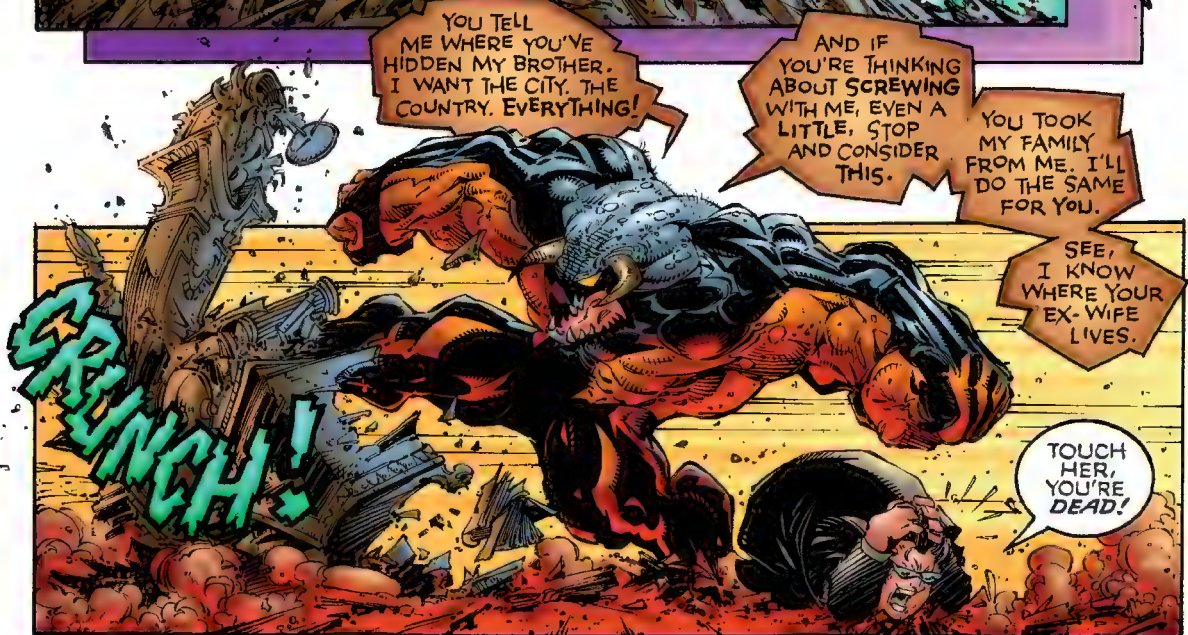
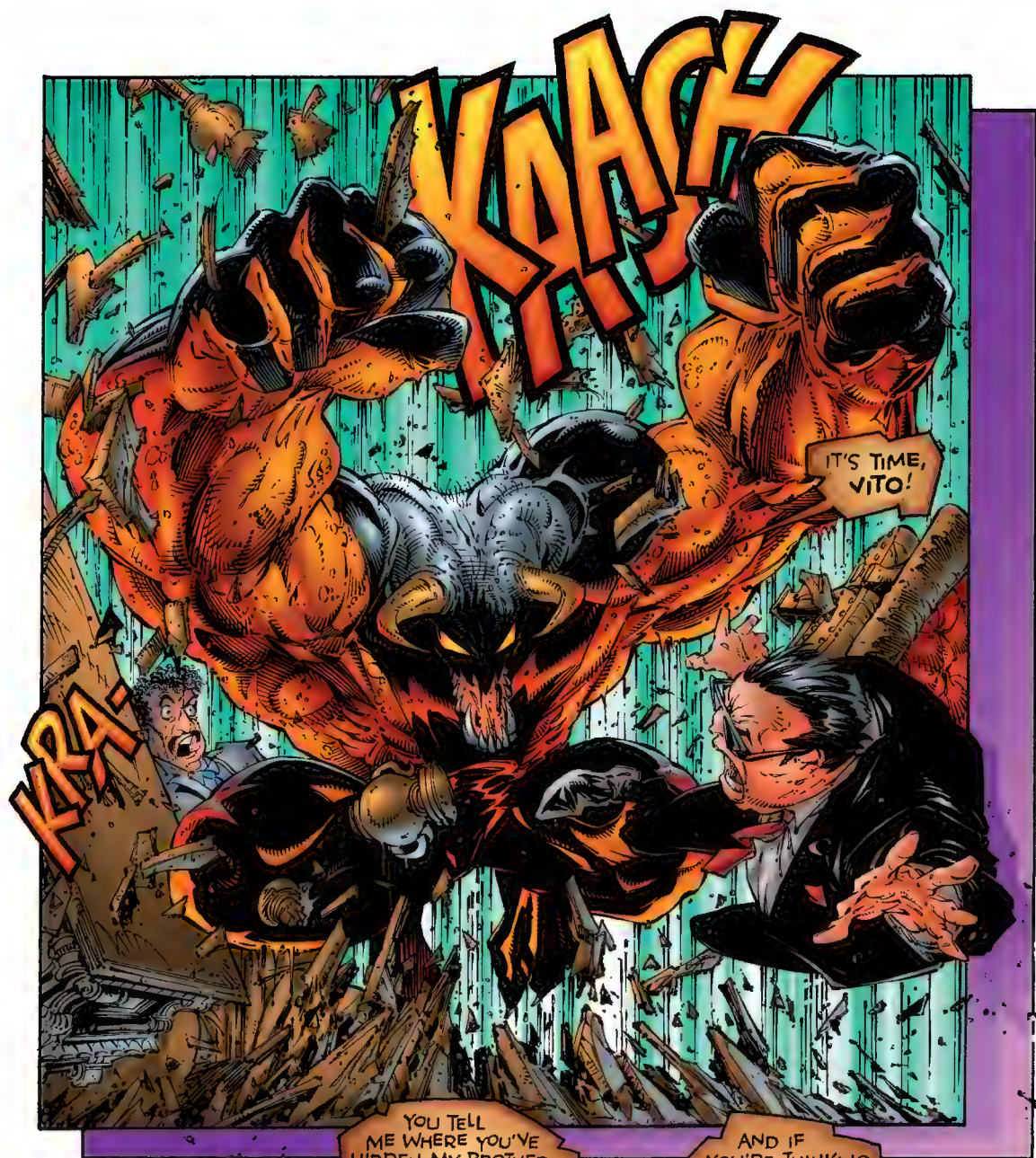
BELIEVE ME...  
I KNOW HIS KIND.  
THEY'RE SO DAMNED  
PREDICTABLE.

THE ENTIRE  
PLACE IS  
COVERED. I'LL KNOW  
THE SECOND HE  
ARRIVES.

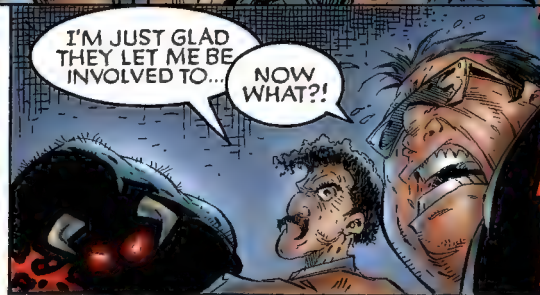


NOT EVERY  
OPTION  
HAS BEEN  
COVERED.



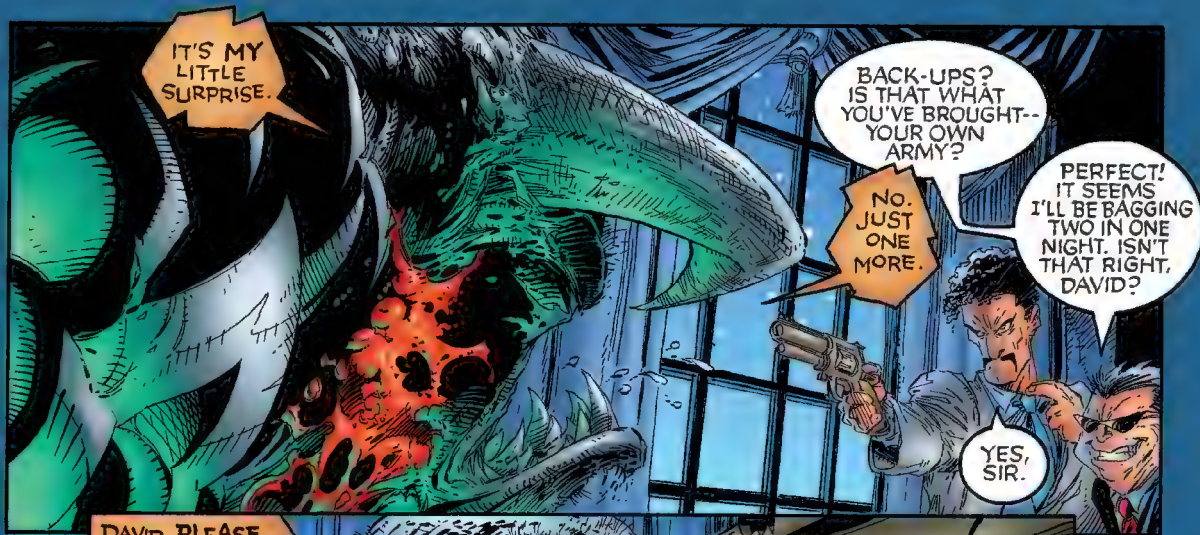






BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM  
POW!  
POW!  
POW!





IT'S MY  
LITTLE  
SURPRISE.

BACK-UPS?  
IS THAT WHAT  
YOU'VE BROUGHT--  
YOUR OWN  
ARMY?

NO.  
JUST  
ONE  
MORE.

PERFECT!  
IT SEEMS  
I'LL BE BAGGING  
TWO IN ONE  
NIGHT. ISN'T  
THAT RIGHT,  
DAVID?

YES,  
SIR.

DAVID, PLEASE,  
I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE DEAD. AFTER  
THEY KILLED ANNA-  
MARIE AND THE  
BABY, THEY WIPED  
OUT THE REST OF  
THE FAMILY.



HOW'D YOU  
ESCAPE?

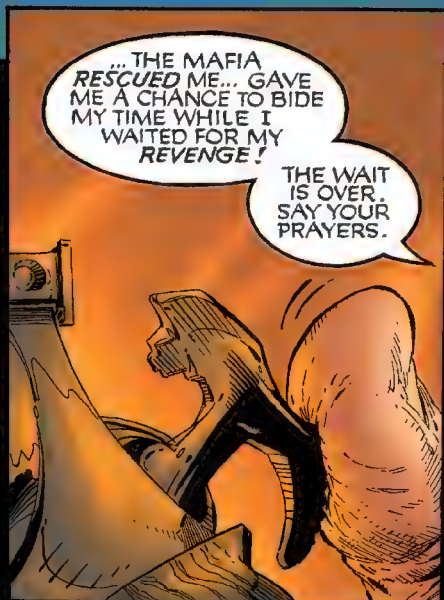
**SCREW  
YOU!!**

MY BROTHER'S DEAD  
BECAUSE OF YOU. I  
SAW HIS BODY...  
OR WHAT YOU  
LEFT OF IT.

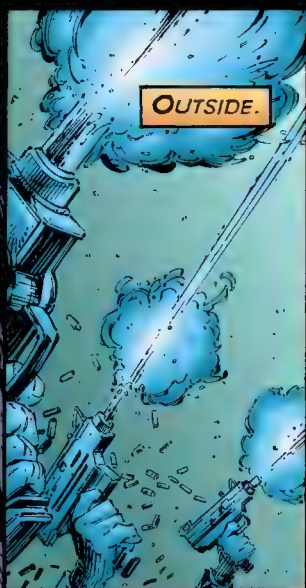
AND I  
DIDN'T  
ESCAPE...

...THE MAFIA  
RESCUED ME... GAVE  
ME A CHANCE TO BIDE  
MY TIME WHILE I  
WAITED FOR MY  
REVENGE!

THE WAIT  
IS OVER.  
SAY YOUR  
PRAYERS.



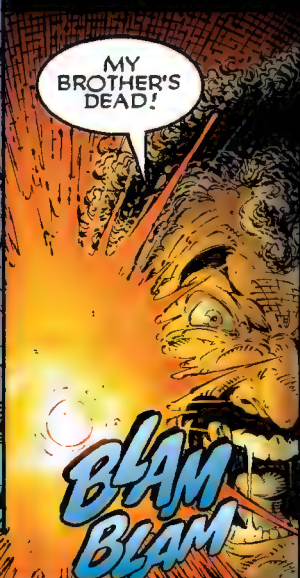
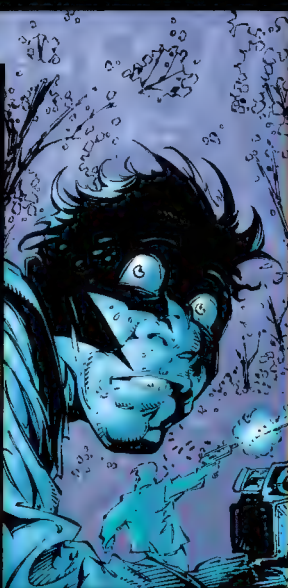




OUTSIDE.



DAVID,  
PLEASE.  
IT'S ME,  
RICHARD!



MY  
BROTHER'S  
DEAD!

BLAM  
BLAM



SPCH  
SPAT




SCH  
BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM  
SCH



THINKING THEY'VE  
CORNERED THEIR  
GHOST, TWIST'S  
MEN CONVERGE  
IN THE PALE  
MOONLIGHT.



A dramatic comic book illustration featuring a Hellspawn character with large, tattered red wings and a black mask with glowing yellow eyes. The character is perched atop a stone tower that is engulfed in intense orange and yellow flames. Several thick, metallic chains are wrapped around the tower and the character, some of which are also on fire. The background is a dark, starry night sky. The overall tone is dark and action-packed.

TONIGHT, THEY'LL  
BE TAUGHT THE  
FIRST LESSON OF  
THE HELLSPAWN:

YOU CAN'T  
KILL WHAT IS  
ALREADY DEAD.





DAVID,  
DON'T DO  
THIS.

OR WHAT? YOU'LL  
KILL ME TOO? VITO  
HAS EXPLAINED  
EVERYTHING.

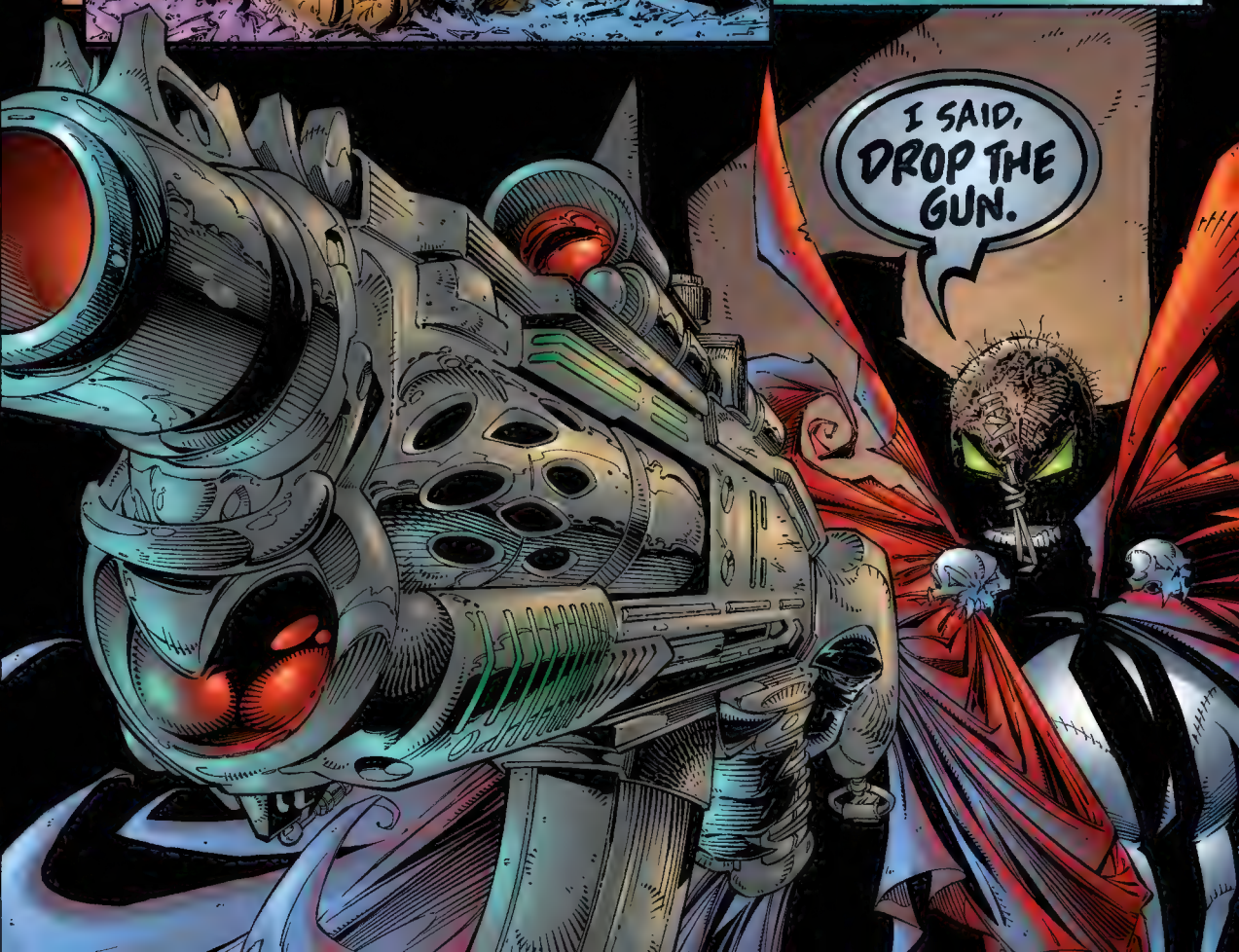
UNFORTUNATELY,  
I DON'T GET TO  
KILL YOU. YOU'RE  
TAKING OVERTKILL'S  
PLACE.

AND THE  
SHOOTING OUT-  
SIDE? IT'S STOPPED.  
WHATEVER HELP  
YOU WERE LOOKING  
FOR HAS JUST BEEN  
**GREASED.**



I  
WOULDN'T  
SAY THAT. NOW  
DROP THE  
GUN.

WHO THE  
CHRIST  
ARE YOU?



I SAID,  
**DROP THE  
GUN.**





OKAY!  
OKAY!

YOU'RE MAKING  
A **BIG** MISTAKE,  
HERO, BUSTIN' IN  
HERE LIKE THIS. YOU  
JUST TOLD ME  
YOU'VE GOT A  
**DEATH WISH!**

DO US BOTH  
A FAVOR, VITO,  
AND SHUT UP. I'M  
MAKING THE RULES  
NOW. THE FIRST IS,  
I DON'T LIKE  
PEOPLE TRYING  
TO KILL MY  
ASSOCIATES...

...OR  
HOUNDING  
INNOCENT  
PEOPLE.

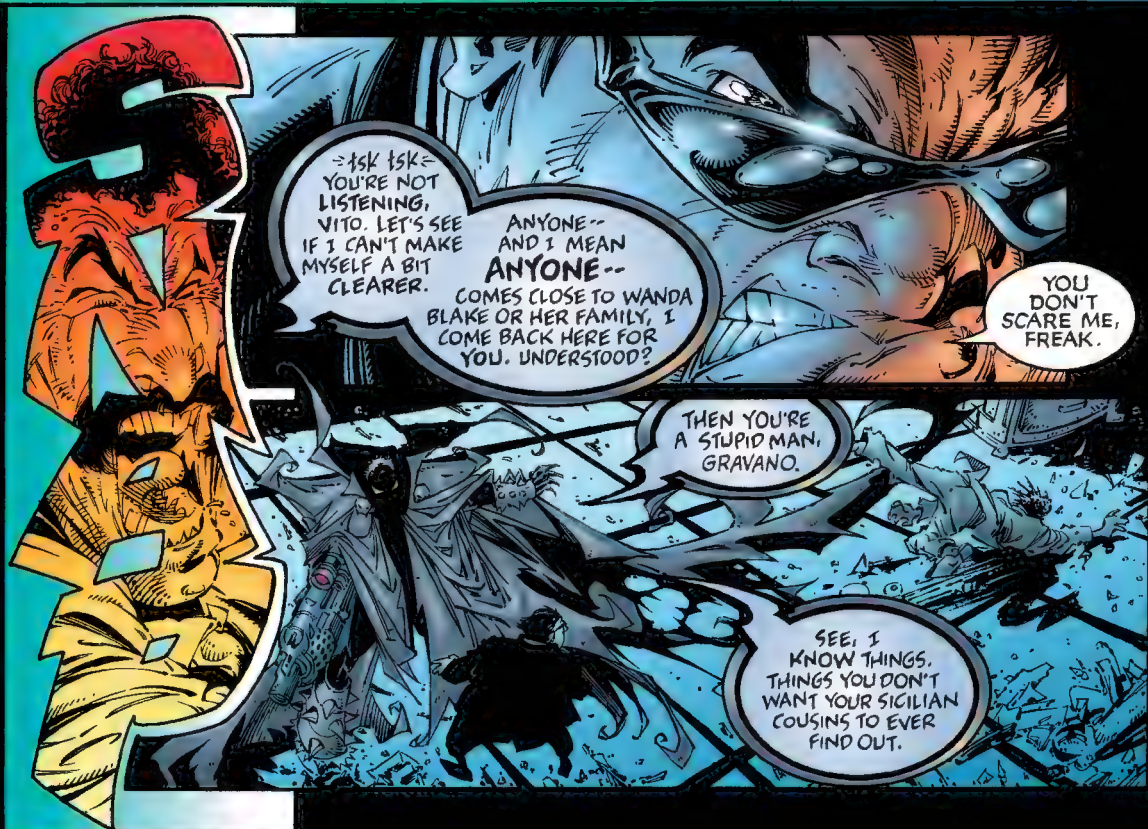


I'VE ALREADY  
WARNED YOU ONCE,  
VITO. \* OBVIOUSLY, I  
DIDN'T MAKE MYSELF  
CLEAR ENOUGH.

WHEN I SAID  
LEAVE ME ALONE,  
THAT INCLUDED  
THOSE AROUND  
ME.

I DON'T  
KNOW  
WHAT  
YOU'RE...

\*ISSUE 24--Tone



=ask tsk=  
YOU'RE NOT  
LISTENING,  
VITO. LET'S SEE  
IF I CAN'T MAKE  
MYSELF A BIT  
CLEARER.

ANYONE--  
AND I MEAN  
**ANYONE**--  
COMES CLOSE TO WANDA  
BLAKE OR HER FAMILY, I  
COME BACK HERE FOR  
YOU. UNDERSTOOD?

YOU  
DON'T  
SCARE ME,  
FREAK.

THEN YOU'RE  
A STUPID MAN,  
GRAVANO.

SEE, I  
KNOW THINGS.  
THINGS YOU DON'T  
WANT YOUR SICILIAN  
COUSINS TO EVER  
FIND OUT.









WRONG.  
I SAID I'D  
HELP PROTECT  
YOU FROM  
VITO AND  
HIS MEN.

WHEN I  
SEE SOMEONE  
STANDING OVER A  
BLOODY BODY IT'S  
PRETTY EASY TO  
DETERMINE WHO  
THE BAD GUY IS.  
SO I'M KEEPING  
MY END OF THE  
BARGAIN.

I SAID  
**STOP!**

THAT'S MY  
BROTHER, DAMN  
YOU! YOU SAID  
YOU'D HELP ME  
FIND HIM, NOT  
**KILL HIM!**

**CRUNCH!**

IF YOU'VE  
GOT A  
PROBLEM WITH  
MY METHODS,  
THEN DON'T ASK  
FOR HELP NEXT  
TIME.

BESIDES,  
HE'LL LIVE IF  
HE GETS HELP  
SOON. I ONLY  
CRIPPLED  
ONE LEG.







TREMOR.  
GRAB YOUR  
BROTHER AND  
LET'S GET OUT OF  
HERE. I'VE DONE  
ENOUGH DAMAGE  
FOR ONE  
NIGHT.

WHAT...  
DO YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
REHABILITATE  
HIM?



HE'S  
ONE OF US.  
ALWAYS HAS  
BEEN, ALWAYS  
WILL. PEOPLE  
LIKE HIM DON'T  
CHANGE. KILLING'S  
IN HIS BLOOD--  
THAT'S WHY I'VE  
KEPT HIM  
AROUND.

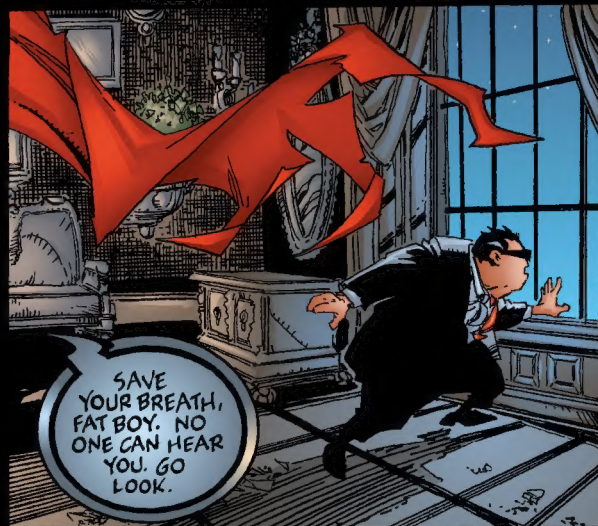
I'LL  
**KILL**  
YOU...!!

NO.  
WE DON'T  
HAVE TIME,  
NOT IF YOU  
WANT TO  
HELP YOUR  
BROTHER.



**No  
ONE!**

WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING? YOU CAN'T  
JUST WALK OUT ON ME!  
I'VE GOT A FRIGGIN'  
ARMY OUTSIDE! YOU'LL  
BE DEAD BEFORE YOU  
GET TEN FEET!  
NO ONE SCREWS  
WITH VITO  
GRAVANO!



SAVE  
YOUR BREATH,  
FAT BOY. NO  
ONE CAN HEAR  
YOU. GO  
LOOK.



CHRIST.

OH--  
AND, uh,  
VITO...





"...DON'T GET TOO COMFORTABLE. I'LL BE BACK. REAL SOON."

"YOU AND I ARE  
**FAR**  
FROM BEING THROUGH."







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE